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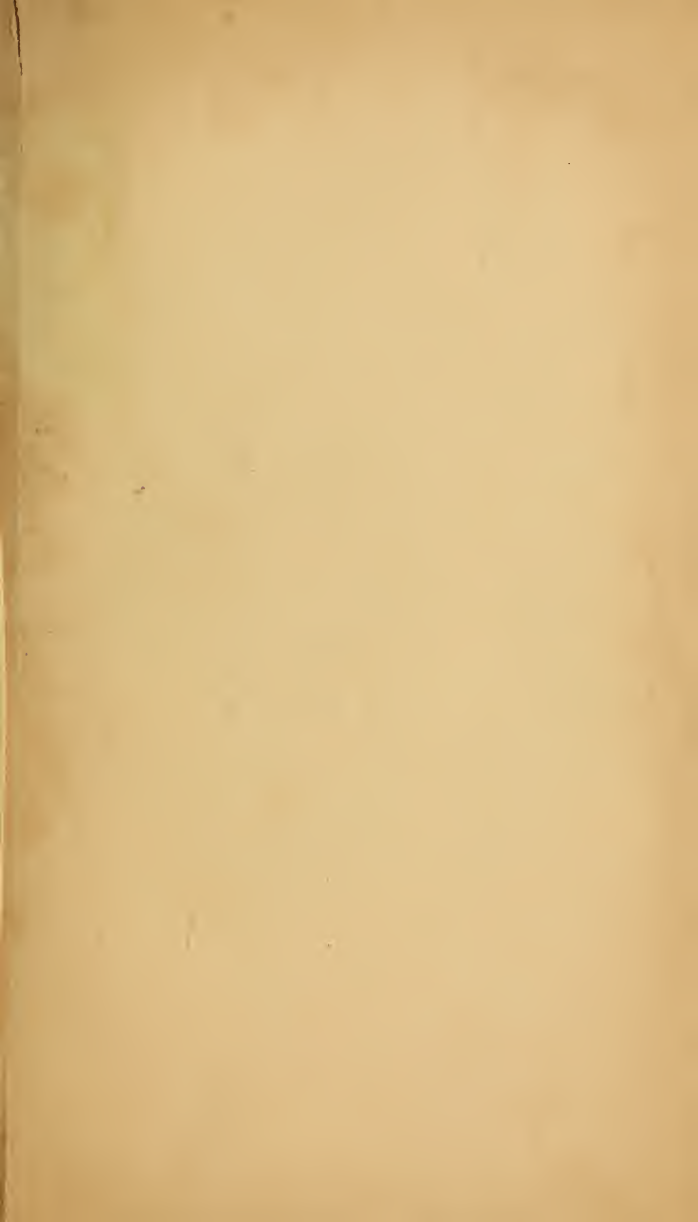


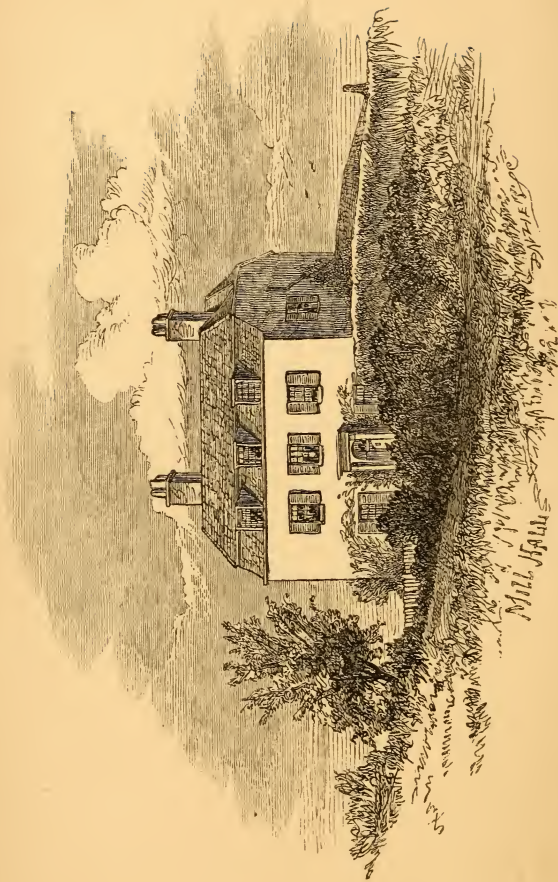
GOSSEP

MILLHALL.

1858.







# GOSSIP

FROM

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MILLHALL.

Gale, Josephine William  
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1858.

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Dedicated

TO

M. F. E.

M. T. E.

M. P.

J. M. E.

E. E.

*Millhall, April 25th, 1858.*



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## ADVERTISEMENTS

ARE not usually considered to form the most entertaining portion of a newspaper, since it is but a lucky few of the community who are apprised that "on application to Messrs. Slyme, Pyson, and Mudd, Solicitors, Jewin Lane, they will hear of something to their advantage." Moreover, the various announcements of "eligible opportunities," "brilliant openings," and "extraordinary bargains now offered," are apt to be viewed by an unappreciating public with an apathy which forms quite a social paradox. So it was with no very exciting anticipations of a rich literary treat, that on a certain occasion of having to spend some time in a dentist's waiting room, we proceeded, after reading the whole of

the inside of *The Times*, to allay the cravings of a still unsatisfied intellectual appetite by a perusal of the outside sheet.

The first advertisement on which we lighted was of a "patent elastic boddice," an institution as inapplicable to the exigencies of our, unfortunately male, constitution, as to you, fair reader, would be the "leather breeches for hunting" which were described in the succeeding paragraph. It was therefore with but very subdued excitement that we became aware of the advantage placed within our reach by the offer of a subsequent advertiser "to forward a single stay to any part of the kingdom, post free on receipt of a post office order." It is still a matter of perplexity to us what a single stay may be. Until reading the announcement above quoted, we, benighted masculines that we are, had always laboured under the delusion that the interesting institution in which the feminine bust is shrined was essentially double, to wit, "a pair of stays." Passing over "improved bassinets," as having, happily, no present or prospective interest for us, we were gratified by the

assurance conveyed by the next paragraph that "By the use of the Sardinian pomade the moustache may be gradually trained to grow in the desired form." The reflection which presents itself in connexion with this subject is that the inconsiderate application of anything in the nature of fixateur would be indiscreet, since should the moustache grow out straight and stiff to the right and left, and be then solidified into a rigid bar by fixateur, the wearer would present an appearance suggestive of a Newfoundland dog carrying a stick in his mouth, and might possibly be subjected to the inconvenience of being prevented from entering some narrow doorway, without either butting down the door posts, or else having to sidle in slantindicularly like a crab.

There are but few newspapers which are free from advertisements of quack medicines, embodying dismal narratives of physical suffering, through a cruel course of which some unfortunate gentleman is represented as having been conducted into a rayless abyss of misery and despair. They relate with painful minuteness how he was bothered with boils on his legs, and doubled up

with aggravating cricks in his back, and generally victimised to such a degree by every affliction with which humanity is assailable, that the wonder is how he ever contrived, as we say in Sussex, "to make a live of it." You are hardly supported and sustained through the heartrending detail by the confident assurance, which, from the subject of the advertisement you cannot fail secretly to entertain, of the eventual happy dénouement of the story, and of the beatified condition of its hero induced by taking the advertiser's pills. The practical advertisement exhibited by Professor Holloway in the Strand by his establishment near Temple Bar, where a score or more of busy-fingered young men may be seen incessantly engaged in filling and dispatching boxes of pills with the fiery energy and speed which the demand is thus intimated to require, is calculated to raise in the spectator's mind the same perplexity as is felt after inspecting the cartridge manufactory at Woolwich, namely, how it comes to pass that anybody is left alive in the world in the presence of so prodigious a supply of destructive agencies. Every

fair reader of *The Times* will find herself now a-days recommended "before having her likeness taken to send for Dewdney's patterns of brooches," and particularly for "the registered revolving brooch." One loses oneself in fruitless conjecture as to what the advantages of a revolving brooch may be. One inevitable result of its peculiarities obviously is that it must be exactly half its time the wrong side before. It is stated to be "one of the acknowledged novelties of the season." Probably so. Pianos we found were represented to be cheap in consequence of—what do you think? Why "the inundations at Lyons!" of all things in the world. Having happily no stable or nursery, our attention was but transiently arrested by the appeals of those two well known and indefatigable enquirers, who have continued so long, but without pausing for a reply, to address the public with their interrogatories respectively of "Do you bruise your oats yet?" and "Do you double up your perambulators.?"

The series of advertisements of "travelling indispensables," which swells so largely as the season for

Mr. Bull's annual migration to the Continent recurs, presents various matters for consideration. Only fancy if anybody were to believe the shop-keepers, and take the whole collection of miscellanies, all of them of highly problematical utility, which are alleged to be indispensable! Such a traveller's portmanteau would have to equal the Burlington arcade in point of capacity, as well as in the miscellaneous character of its contents, and the most accommodating of "expanding trunks" would give up expanding in despair. First, there would be Longman's & Murray's "Travellers' libraries." Then we know that "no one should go to sea without a life-belt," nor, as another advertiser pertinaciously affirms, without "a pocket filter." A "tient-tout portmanteau" must not be forgotten, which it will require the exercise of subtle as well as practised ingenuity to undo, and which will defy the most artful manipulation to do up again. It is found also to be an unparalleled contrivance for defeating any rash attempts to stow anything in it, combining, as it does, the property of holding nothing whatever, with the most disheart-

ening complication of structure. The "patent square mouthed bag with an opening as large as the bag itself" has an arrangement identical with that adopted by nature in the case of the jaws and stomach of the cod-fish, and may possibly be an improvement on the old carpet bag. The small hand bags which ladies carry, would, after all, bear off the palm as the most capacious repositories of everything in the world, containing, as they frequently seem to do, every known development of manufactured material from a ginger lozenge to a companion to the altar. Then, "Who," it is daily asked, "would be without a dressing case?" The wise traveller however will hesitate before attaching to himself a weighty and angular institution, possessed with a contradictory spirit of refusing to go into any other package, and furnished with every mortal implement in the world ever conceived by the excursive imagination of outfitters, with the exception of the two or three odd articles which are the only ones which he really will want en voyage. A dressing case is indeed endued with so unaccommodating a disposition, and qualities so inconvenient in a

fellow-traveller, as that its companionship would go far to render life a burden to the most lighthearted of tourists.

As for coats of all kinds, the modern traveller who should put faith in advertising tailors would altogether eclipse Naaman and his nine changes of raiment, or even a Friesland bride, whose dowry consists in petticoats, and who staggers to the altar banked up in the whole collection, since it would be difficult to count the number of "pocket Siphonias," "registered aquascutum," &c., which would claim admittance to his wardrobe. He would find himself the proprietor of a museum of garments whose outlandish names are paralleled only by their outrageous shapes, to which however by whole columns of daily advertisements "the attention of a discriminating public is respectfully invited."

Apropos of Siphonias, the tourist is implored in language of affectionate interest not to think of leaving England without that invaluable pocket companion—not The whole duty of Man, or a miniature almanack—but the patent syphon tap which requires no vent peg,"

and he is desired "by all means" to "see its action explained." Among the items which still remain to complete his outfit, are a portable camera, a microscope, and a sketching tent. But the advertisers have not half done with him yet! for the first thing he sees on taking up *The Times* in the Coffee Room of The Lord Warden on his return to England, is, that there is "no home without a stereoscope," and that "Continental travellers should inspect 10,000 lovely scenes and groups" (a nice job!) at the Stereoscopic Company's gallery," &c. A favorite dog of ours, rejoicing in the name of Jones, is always a subject of envy to us in the matter of travelling, since her only luggage, to wit her inflexibly curly tail, is always packed and ready, and it is also free from the inconvenient weakness which characterises the disposition of other baggage, for going on erratic expeditions of its own wholly unconnected with the particular arrangements of its owner. Moreover, Jones is sure to enjoy her travels, since, provided she is with her master, it is a matter of the utmost indifference to her whether any particular excursion on which

she starts with him is to terminate in the next field or in Kamschatka.

Beyond necessary clothing and books, the only extras which we have in the result of some experience found it desirable to be provided with, are, first, very thin shoes in case of travelling many whole nights in succession, when any remonstrance on the part of the physical system is apt to be expressed by discomfort of the feet. Secondly, James' powders for curbing the pulse if inclined to gallop under similar circumstances, and thirdly, Eau de Cologne, which is the veritable elixir vitæ in fatigue, and absolutely necessary should you travel in the same carriage as Germans. Unless indeed under such circumstances the mechanical expedient adopted in the dissecting-rooms of hospitals of compressing the nose with a split cane be resorted to. Germans, in addition to being unacquainted with the advantages of washing, have an obnoxious habit of carrying a store of animal sustenance about their persons. That such is actually the case is evidenced by the circumstance that the collectors of

town dues in Germany obviously entertain the constant expectation of detecting a magazine of food of this description in the pockets of travellers. We remember how, on the occasion of entering Germany from Holland on the top of a mail coach some years ago, we were pounced upon by the myrmidons of the octroi who demanded whether we had no "fleisch" about us. An answer in the negative did not satisfy our suspicious visitants, one of whom fumbled us all over so elaborately for the purpose of allaying some misgivings which he appeared to entertain with reference to some concealed store of cold meat, that it felt almost like being shampooed, or sustaining the character of a prize ox at Smithfield Cattle Show when subjected to the usual course of inquisitive manipulation at the hands of the agricultural interest. Detecting at length a lump under the multitudinous strata of great coats in which we were immersed up to the eyebrows, he exclaimed with a wild whoop of triumph, "Ah! fleisch!" and insisted on its production. After a laborious process of disinterment, the subject of his misgivings proved to be a

Murray which had been divested of its cover in order to make it more portable. The conclusion however to be drawn from the occurrence was a little surprising, namely, that a German seriously believes that John Bull could consider it likely to enhance his comfort in travelling that his peregrinations should be pursued with the heavy ballast of an angular block of meat in his pocket.

Everyone knows that it is necessary to take soap when travelling on the continent, as it is not found at the hotels. A Yankee indeed is apt to regard washing the hands as a weak conformity to a miserable prejudice long since exploded in enlightened societies. Old-fashioned people however who still cling to the practice will find that it is hardly less essential at English than at foreign hotels to be provided with a private store of soap, since at our inns the traveller is generally supplied with a hard and utterly unfeasible white cube of something which appears to be a magnified die, or a young brickbat, and which he is at liberty to poke his hands with if he likes, or cut up

into dominoes if he can, but which proves to be a mere mockery and a snare if attempted to be applied to any ablutionary purposes. We learnt from an ingenious travelling companion a mode of partially circumventing the enemy by putting it in water over night, but its mollification by this course of treatment is occasionally found to require a more protracted period of immersion than is compatible with the intended duration of the traveller's sojourn in the locality. The only alternative known to English hotels from this "curd soap," as we are given to understand it is called, is a section of a bar of the ambercoloured domestic yellow. This however is open to the impeachment of being coarse and generally unpleasant, and it is also frequently observed to be suffused with a kind of luminous perspiration which is objectionable. It may be useful to persons who happen to have a tour in Spain in contemplation to be warned that they must, when travelling in that country, guard their soap as carefully as their passport. They will otherwise find themselves quickly relieved of it. At San Sebastian

last year our cake of brown Windsor suddenly and mysteriously “absquotilated.” The party by whom it was adopted could not possibly have had any notion of converting it to its legitimate purpose, since nobody who has seen a pair of Spanish hands can doubt that a knowledge of the virtues of soap and water remains still unrevealed to the natives of the Peninsula. It may therefore be considered probable that the chambermaid privately regaled herself upon it under the impression that it was a piece of cheese. The only other theory which would appear to be admissible on the subject is that it may have been transmitted by the landlord of the hotel to some local museum as a curiosity of a novel character, and as forming an interesting subject for speculative conjecture as to its probable nature and qualities. It is to be remembered that the loss of any useful article in a country where garters and castanets form the exclusive subjects of commerce, is irreparable.

Sensible people, or, in other words, people who are fond of tea, will not think of leaving home without

the proper appliances for manufacturing that divine luxury. There are, as far as our experience goes, but two houses of entertainment on the continent, where the genuine article may be obtained, namely, Daum's at Vienna, and a small upstairs estaminet, kept by a Welchwoman, near the northern railway terminus at Paris. Elsewhere, an order for tea eventually, but after long delay, results in the advent of a tepid fluid of so faint a colour that it may with apparent plausibility be pronounced to be water slightly sunburnt, or which has been stirred with a pale straw. Once indeed, at Angiers, we encountered a brew of an opposite description in the form of a dark and gelatinous mixture, which, when cold, solidified into an olive-coloured transparent jelly, so hard and elastic that we were persuaded that the hostess' india rubber goloshes must have been sacrificed in its preparation. So rigid indeed and metallic was it, that we became disposed on further consideration to discard the theory connecting it with the goloshes as erroneous, and to embrace the opinion that it must have been in fact a

decoction of watchspring. The notions indeed on the subject of tea which prevail in the minds of foreigners generally may be characterised as signally vague and unsatisfactory. In England too the received standard of what is to be considered as boiling water is often a low and unworthy one. Added to this, the infusion of vegetable matter, which by extravagant courtesy is entitled tea at country inns, betrays a suspicious tendency to a vivid green complexion, while at the same time the flavour of whatever particular shrub may happen to prevail in the vicinity is distinctly discernible in it. These properties naturally enough become the source of uncomfortable misgivings in the breast of the consumer. Tea therefore, properly so called, with an Etna for boiling water, may be regarded as, no less than soap, an indispensable accompaniment in travelling.

It appears from what has been said that the position of a traveller who should adopt the recommendation of advertisements as to his outfit would become highly perplexing with reference to external accessories.

Apropos to the subject of the perils which environ the arrangements of inexperienced tourists, it may not be out of place to picture the agitating succession of mental vicissitudes to which the same individual would be a prey, should he feel himself bound to be torn by the whole series of emotions inspired by the various scenes on his road, which the guide books prescribe. What with "savage gorges" (which can often be jumped across), "fathomless abysses" (whose depths may frequently be sounded with an umbrella), "entrancing tableaux" (of nothing particular), "bewildering varieties of hues," and gorgeous panoramas" (in the strain of the play bills which describe the glories of "transformation scenes" at transpontine theatres), his blood will be always either running cold with horror, or bubbling up at boiling point with transport, or else having its circulation put all nohow by a thrill. But this is digressing.

To return to advertisements of a general character. Having arrived at the end of those addressed to the attention of intending tourists, and having merely

glanced at a list of new publications, which, consisting as they did of "A Plan for a Suspension pier or jetty at Madras," "A Popular Inquiry into the Moon's rotation on her axis," and "Corpulency and its dietary cure," were all as much devoid of interest for us as the subsequent "A few friendly hints to young mothers," was inapplicable to any possible exigencies to which we might become liable, we were arrested by the audacious extravagance of mendacity exemplified in the pretence of "painless tooth extraction." The advertiser would perhaps wish you to believe that under his system the process can be rendered rather a luxury than otherwise.

Hardly any newspaper is free from the manifestoes of those provoking humbugs, Messrs. Solomons & Sons, Opticians, of Albemarle Street, whose small telescopes "which may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, will shew Saturn's ring and Jupiter's satellites distinctly." One can hardly conceive the greenest of beings buying such things without a previous trial, and consequent experience of the difficulty which will be experienced

by the strongest visual faculties in overcoming such obstinate obstructions to sight, but should so weak a customer be found, he will discover that his purchase will show Saturn's satellites and Jupiter's ring *equally* clearly.

One particular piece of information which may be gleaned from most newspapers is of more widely diffused interest to the public than is generally admitted, namely, that people who have a screw loose in the arrangements of what the vulgar tongue of prizefighters graphically terms the "potatoe trap" may enjoy the advantage of macerating their food with "a mineral tooth, the best that can be made, for five shillings." "Pulvermacher's hydro-electric chain" seems, if there is any truth in advertisements, to possess a versatile adaptibility to the relief of every form of human suffering which is very remarkable, entitling it to rank as the panacea for all ills which can afflict mankind, from a hiccup to being crossed in love. We merely take the two phases of misfortune just given as the most dissimilar in character which occur to us at

the moment, and which therefore admit of a complete intervening series of disastrous occurrences embracing every possible form of adversity. We are not in a position to express any well-grounded opinion as to which may be the more serious contretemps of the two which have been named, being happily destitute of experience of either.

## THE SECRETARY'S VALENTINE.

---

As in the humblest of creatures on earth  
Wise eyes may some excellence see,  
So, love, does each trifle around me give birth  
To its own recollection of thee.

The rich bright vermillion which glows in this seal  
Thy lips will, though faintly, suggest ;  
And, melted at love's torch, my heart too, I feel,  
Is with thine image impressed.

Like good blotting paper, a delicate pink  
Is thy cheek, and the glance of thy soft eyes is  
Lustrous and dark as the " permanent ink "  
Supplied to the Government Offices.

This envelope is as thy clothes in its fit ;  
 Thy “ head ” like another, no less  
 Queenly in stamp and well-shapen than it ;  
 The direction recalls thy “ address.”

To kindle love’s flame do thy fingers seem made,  
 So waxen are they, and so taper ;  
 Thy soul is like “ Delarue’s extra cream laid ”  
 (As should be the soul of each innocent maid)  
 Unsullied and pure as white paper.

This penknife, by love-lighted fancy when scanned well,  
 Has its souvenirs also : I find  
 A type of thy neck in its ivory handle—  
 In its keen polished blade—of thy mind.

“ Thy tongue is the pen ” (like the Psalmist king’s)  
 “ Of a ready poetical writer ; ”  
 Thy heart, as he tells us his was, of good things  
 Is, I doubt not, a constant inditer.

Though my similes rather professional be,

My love's not profession all. Say, fair!

That thou wilt be mine, so then I to thee

Will always stick fast as a wafer.

## AN HOUR IN ROSHERVILLE GARDENS.

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MANY of us have had the misfortune to experience the dreariness of a sultry afternoon in London, in the latter part of August. At that season "everyone," that is to say four or five thousand persons perhaps out of the three million ordinary inhabitants of London, is out of town, except a few moody-looking homeless, though married, outcasts, who (their belongings having flitted in advance to Switzerland or the Highlands) haunt their clubs in a spectral manner, and become daily more and more discontented and impatient. Then also the half dozen stray bachelors who still linger in London in consequence of their inability to encounter the arduous labour of deciding where to go, get obviously into a very unsettled frame of mind, and become much

addicted to the study of the Continental Bradshaw. At this time too, gentlemen whose engagements bear a mercantile complexion not in all cases wholly unconnected with the dispensing of groceries and haberdashery, begin to permit certain premonitory symptoms of a vacation moustache to disclose themselves with a view to a prospective more full development of that embellishment, and the intensification by its means of the savage military appearance which they contemplate presenting on the pier at Margate. Well, at such a funereal season of dulness as this, one may dispose of oneself in many worse ways than by going for an hour, as it once occurred to us to do, to Rosherville gardens at Gravesend.

For the gardens really are very pretty. They occupy the site of a disused chalk pit, of which the bottom is laid out in walks and flower beds, and the sides covered with plantations intersected by artfully secluded paths, in which by a kind of convulsive effort a resolutely imaginative person might possibly succeed in getting up an illusion of being in retirement. Then there are

amusements to suit all tastes. At the left on entering is an archery ground, where the targets are formed of lay figures stuffed with straw, declared to represent Russians, or Chinese, or the foes for the time being of England, whoever they may happen to be, so that a slight tinge of patriotic ardour, not the less active for being perhaps unconfessed, gives an additional zest to the exertions of the shooters. The figures themselves when stuck full of arrows porcupine-fashion will not fail to suggest the pictures of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian as seen at Dulwich and elsewhere. Proceeding from the archery ground you come to the bears, who, like dishonest voters, have to be bribed before they can be got to the pole. At this point therefore a stall for comestibles is established, with the usual festive array of solid delicacies embosomed in a thicket of ginger beer bottles. Some of the cakes looked as if they had been there for months, as in point of fact no doubt they had, and certain puffs, much fly-blown, had clearly been on duty for an equally long period. It was observable that the article in most brisk demand was a bun of

double the ordinary size, not unknown to commerce elsewhere, and designated in the vulgar tongue by the formidably suggestive title of a "tuppenny buster." We thought of purchasing one to sit upon, for which purpose it appeared admirably adapted. Consumers of such substances, if endowed only with such digestive arrangements as those with which humanity is ordinarily furnished, must feel, we should conceive, after a repast on tuppenny buster, as if they had dined on feather-beds, or a sandwich formed of paving stones with an intermediate slice of slate, or a spadeful of the heavy wet clay from the home park at Millhall. Somewhat saddened by such gloomy apprehensions as these for the impending troubles of others, we pursued our walk, and came upon a spot in which various games of skill were being prosecuted with great liveliness. Among these was "the Chinese ring," consisting of a curtain ring hung by a string from the branch of a tree, and to be swung by the player so as to catch on a hook fixed in the trunk. We watched the process for some time, but our ingenuity wholly failed to conjecture the precise

character of the entertainment which it was supposed to afford, a mystery which is still unrevealed to us. There were also the sticks seen at races and fairs, with toys poised upon them, affording an opening to capitalists able to command any sum from twopence upwards to purchase the contingent acquisition of a wooden apple or a snuff box.

For those requiring more highly-seasoned excitement, a ballet was taking place on a stage occupying the centre of a wooded amphitheatre. It must be confessed that a performance of this kind in the open air, and in full day light and costume, that is to say in full scantiness of costume, had a somewhat dissipated effect. The plot was no novel one, its subject being the courtship of a rustic beauty with a signally limited, and indeed altogether inadequate, development of petticoat, by a gentleman embodying alike the received notions of the troubadour and brigand, and much addicted to pantomimic demonstration. One gathers however from the action of the piece that the hero is not considered an eligible son-in-law by the parents of the young lady,

since the meetings of the lovers are only accomplished after a grand choreographic display on each occasion indicative of the surreptitious character of the proceedings, and are eventually concluded by the decisive step on the part of the indignant father of throwing the swain into a well. At this juncture of course the heroine comes out strong, standing on the edge of the well in a highly melodramatic pose, like the Jewess in a particular scene in *Ivanhoe*, only poised on one toe, and goes through a kind of miniature charade indicative of her fixed resolution to perpetrate instant self-destruction if her lover is not recovered. Obdurate parent yields ; the swain is fished up with a rope by the united efforts of the family, and a general reconciliation and happy dénouement of the whole affair is signalised with an appropriateness inscrutable to the vulgar, and known only to ballets, by the whole corps dramatique building themselves up into a kind of living pyramid with the heroine at the top, she striking an attitude, intended, one would have supposed from the action of her arms, to represent swimming, did not the extension of one leg

at right angles to the other negative that conjecture. This final tableau, in consequence of the highly precarious stability of the pyramid we have described, formed a spectacle of somewhat agitating excitement.

Adjoining the stage where these *al fresco* Thespian entertainments take place is a tower, which, in the innocence of our minds, we ascended, expecting to enjoy a good view from its summit. A view there unquestionably was *at* the top, the whole roof being occupied by couples philandering in an energetic manner, the summit of the tower having, as it seems, been found an eligible spot for this purpose, from the circumstance that it cannot be overlooked. It has therefore been formally appropriated by common consent to its present recognised and settled use. Having no companion, and being thus precluded from surrendering ourselves to the delightful suggestions of the scene, we descended to "The Baronial Hall" immediately below. This is a building which professes itself to be of the mediæval type, but as far as our observation went, it is of the "pure Gravesend" style of architecture, and has nothing

mediæval in the remotest connexion with it, except indeed the date of the last ablution of the officiating waiters' shirts, which is apparently referable to that or even a more distantly remote era. The hall combines an arena for dancing, with facilities for obtaining the refreshment which that exercise, especially as practised at Rosherville, involves, and affords also good accommodation for persons like ourselves dull enough to be spectators. We hold however that, provided one is not obliged to dance, no scene of the kind, whether at Rosherville or Almack's, can fail to be amusing to the philosophical spectator, from the vivid pictures of life and character which it presents. We say no more of the dancing itself on this occasion than that it was signalised by decided manifestations of a tendency on the part of the cavaliers to a somewhat supererogatory manipulation of their partners. Our language on this topic is intentionally shrouded in some slight obscurity. The dresses of the performers, the élite of the gay world of Gravesend, will form a more unimpeachable subject for comment.

The most prominent feature of the scene was the large and varied display of feminine straw hats of the fungoid or mushroom type, many of which from their shape and trimming might have been characterised as extraordinary developments of imaginative enterprise. The achievements too of the ladies in the way of polka jackets gave evidence of an exuberance of inventive fancy quite oriental. The cavaliers however were no whit behind the ladies in splendour, each individual's costume having been laboriously worked up to a great and glorious climax. The prevailing epidemic amongst the gentlemen at this particular period seemed to be a tendency to break out into a violent eruption of neckcloth with an embroidered bow. The neckcloth however being fastened by a buckle behind, its wearer was kept chronically in a deplorable state of nervous agitation for fear it should yield to the impulse, which seemed to be ineradicably inherent in its nature, to turn round, thus revealing the occult mysteries of its being. We detected the secret anxiety of more than one of the beaux on this point, by observing a surreptitious fingering of the neckcloth

to allay the constantly recurring misgivings as to its position. The moustache movement appears to have taken strong root in Gravesend, and to be flourishing greatly in respect of the number of its advocates, though no very telling results have been achieved. The truth is, that the successful culture of the moustache is a pursuit subject to much uncertainty, frequently resulting only in most disheartening failure. It constantly occurs that the crop, notwithstanding a liberal manuring with pomatum, will not come up at all, or that when it has got above ground, in spite of being cherished with every known tonic and lubricant, it does not grow so strong as could be wished, and is generally poor and unsatisfactory. In other instances, in consequence of a screw loose somewhere in its constitution, it presents a spectacle mournfully suggestive of the fluff of a dirty white hat, or the tail of a squirrel afflicted by mange. Sometimes it will betray an irrepressible desire, and that on one side only, to curl in a soft voluptuous sweep round its owner's nose, or will obstinately persist in assuming a bright anchovy colour,

and if so untoward a propensity be forcibly corrected by dye, it will then evince a revengeful determination to turn blue. The attire of a thorough-paced "gent," especially when he has come out for the express purpose of dancing with a sweetheart, is a prodigious matter, and as it is to be seen in the greatest perfection at Rosherville, we are tempted to sketch the prevailing type of a Gravesend Adonis as it came under our observation in "The Baronial Hall."

To begin at the top. The shape of a gent's hat is a reflex in each case of its wearer's individual mental constitution (on which point a little more presently), but in its manufacture, finish, and general "motif," one recognises at a glance the specimens of such articles exhibited in Holborn shop windows, and labelled respectively, with divers notes of admiration, as "The thing," "The fashion," "All the go," "The Chesterfield," "Meltonian," "The favourite," "Napoleon," "Much worn," "Just the touch," &c., &c. We remember the virtuous horror of the owner of a shop of this kind where we once had to make a purchase on a

sudden emergency, at the remark that we abominated anything "novel," or "stylish," or "tasty," or "genteel," and that we should view anything "chaste" with unmitigated abhorrence. The strong point however of a gent is his waistcoat, generally of some furious pattern, consisting of so violent a combination of colours as is calculated to strike the unprepared beholder dumb with consternation. Upon love-spooney gents however instances of more mitigated patterns in subdued and softer hues may be observed. In these cases the waistcoats display, it may be, representations of myrtles with doves upon their branches, and breathe from each eloquent stitch the language of chaste passion, thus indicating the fond nature of the heart which throbs within them. Others again are to be met with embellished with violets. This style of waistcoat may be described as of the touching or plaintive class, and may be considered as symptomatic of unrequited attachment to somebody or other on the part of the wearer. The gentish or genteel (for the words are identical in signification), shirt is too well known to need description,

eruptive as it usually is with opera dancers, or race-horses, or cricketing implements, forcing on the spectator the conviction that somebody must have been suffusing it with those representations out of a pepper-castor or the rose of a watering pot, or that the wearer has been subjected to the highly exceptional casualty of getting caught in a shower of Carlotta Grisis without an umbrella. The coat of our gent is so various and Protean a garment as almost to elude description. We saw one once at the door of a ready-made clothes shop at Lyons of a very prevailing type, namely, with a pattern so large that, as has been aptly remarked, it would have taken three men to show the whole design, and with buttons of the size of young cheeseplates. The coat in question was ticketed "Le Lord Maire," so that the Frenchman's notion of the apex of civic dignity as seen in full fig, may be considered perhaps to have arisen rather from the somewhat excursive fancy of a cheaptailor than from any substantive acquaintance with the reality. We will not shock any fair reader by enlarging too fully on the particular portion of a gent's

attire whose sphere of usefulness extends from his waist to his ancles. The garment, or garments, since the exigences of a biped require that it should be of the duplicate form, to which we refer, have been christened by a name which points at the ordinary history of their acquisition, namely "reachmedowns." An intimation is pithily conveyed by this term that the present wearer having been struck by the attractiveness of their appearance when hanging ready-made in the window of Grove's, Moses', or Hyam's, establishment, as the case may have been, desired the shopman to reach him down the pair of inexpressibles in question for the purpose of an off-hand investment of his money as well as investiture of his legs in them. It is an unfortunate taste on the part of the members of the class we are describing which inclines so strongly to stripes down the sides of their nether garments, for unless the portions of attire to which these are applied fit with most felicitous exactitude, the stripes have a tendency to run round the leg like corkscrews, or the snakes on the Laocoon, or the bandages round barbers' poles, or the

ribbons twining about the stakes which mark the boundaries of petty states in Germany. We arrive now at our model gent's boots, which, on such festive occasions as a dance in the Baronial Hall, are, like the ends of Pantomimes, a grand blaze of triumph. Undeniably immaculate are they, and polished up to so high a degree of reflective power, that the wearer bears about with him a pair of inverted images of himself, one twinkling from each instep. While discussing the prominent features of the attire which distinguishes a particular class of persons, we are led to remark that some observations upon dress, as infallibly and also even minutely indicative of the character of the wearer, would be an acquisition to literature. It is, for instance, established beyond question that a man's disposition is as unerringly ascertainable from the shape of his hat, as the nature of a ship is from its rig, or a tree from a single leaf, or, by Owen, a mastodon from a single tooth. Should you wish us therefore to tell you all about any gentleman of your acquaintance, his thoughts, wishes, character, disposition, tempera-

ment, aspirations, and all the complex results of his mental and physical organization as acted upon and affected by external circumstances, show us only his hat, or merely a section of its brim, and there is his whole soul laid open and bare !

That an analogous criterion would be equally trustworthy in the case of bonnets, need not probably be doubted. We forbear to enter on this topic at the present moment, but would merely mention in exemplification of the theory, as viewed in its broadest aspect, the two antipodal extremes of all the various received forms of bonnets which exist, and ask if they could by possibility be conceived to belong to the same description of person. One of these is the small circular patch of muslin or lace, as it may happen to be, fixed to the upper portion of the nape of the neck of a young female party of coquettish tendencies, and which is known to the vulgar tongue as a "kiss-me-quick." This style of bonnet is usually characterised by such adjectives as roguish, or frisky, or wicked, or murderous, or aggravating, or treacherous, or the like, according to its probable

effect, as estimated by the describer. The other form of bonnet is the quakeress-like cylinder, which, happily, shrouds while it enshrines the solemn and hard-featured faces of females either of fatal slowness or rigid austerity, and which breathes the exactly opposite language to that imputed to the contrary style of headgear by the suggestive title which we have quoted. Indeed when a face, and that too a strong-minded one, can only be descried in distant perspective, at the end, as it were, of a sort of tunnel, or Burlington arcade of bonnetary fabric, the occurrence of an impropriety such as that referred to in connexion with a "kiss-me-quick" is rendered not only an improbable eventuality, but a mechanical impossibility, since nobody with a neck shorter than a swan's, or a stork's, or an elephant's trunk, would have the power of access.

Holding therefore, as we do, that human attire is fraught with significance to the intelligent observer, such a spectator will find in dances and réunions of all kinds, and formed from whatever classes, abundant amusement in speculations such as the following ;

whether for example, the couples which he sees are about to amalgamate into a marital unit, are, from the respective peculiarities of the partners which compose them, as betokened in their dresses, likely to prosper in that state of circumstances. It is to be remembered that this result will be happily achieved, not when tastes and temperaments are so precisely similar as to make the union of two individuals merely a double of each, but when the two natures which enter into combination are so dissimilar and complementary to each other as to constitute by their union a perfect whole. By this time, gentle reader, you must be impatient to escape from the Baronial Hall.

The next subject of entertainment is a wheel of fortune, presenting an opportunity to persons who may be fired with an impulse for adventurous speculative enterprise, to invest a small sum, and win a greater or less prize as the case may be. The prevalent, and indeed uniform, occurrence of the latter eventuality, forms a subject of just complaint, either against the conduct of fate or that of the owners of such wheels towards the speculative

public. If the whole of the tickets might be turned out and inspected, the responsibility for the invariably deplorable result of investment might be made to rest where it is due. We did not try our luck on this occasion, and indeed never do so, since a wheel of fortune always calls up early associations connected with a passage in our early history, when with hopeful but most green trustfulness, we invested one shilling, out of our whole fortune of six of those coins, in a venture at the wheel of fortune at the end of Southampton pier; being tempted thereto by the persuasion that we might possibly win that model in a glass case of a Lord Mayor's state coach, so lavishly gilt even to the horses! In our confiding innocence we implicitly believed that the ticket to which so magnificent a prize was attached, was, as the proprietor of the wheel asserted, actually among those in the box. We remember torturing our minds with a kind of luxurious perplexity, destined unhappily to be quite illusory and uncalled for, as to how we should get home such a trophy if we won it. And then the tumult of fevered

eagerness with which we tore open the ticket, to find ourselves the possessors (there were no blanks but how much more satisfactory would a blank have been than so derisive a pretence of a prize !) of a German pencil, one of those unfeasible institutions which you may cut if you can, or scratch yourself with the point of if you like, or make a skewer of, or do anything in the world but write with. It was no doubt weak to listen, as we did, to the fatal syren who whispered all too suavisly that by returning the prize and adding another sixpence we might try our luck again. So the wheel of misfortune revolved again, and we drew a mustard spoon, which in a paroxysm of vexation we dashed down with another sixpence, and became the possessors of a quire of indifferent note paper. Upon having its axis lubricated by a further sixpence, the wheel of fate took another turn and produced a doll, a commodity as little adapted to a schoolboy's necessities, as a horse-bleeding knife (we can think of no more undesirable an acquisition than that in the whole compass of British manufacturing industry) would be to you, fair reader. We became at

last wildly reckless, and went on whirling deeper and deeper into the vortex of ruin, till eleven out of our twelve sixpences were gone, and a financial crisis of a desperate character stared us in the face. We retired at length (this is all true) in abject depression, enriched with a pair of frightful allumette-cases to take back to school. No wonder that to so juvenile a bankrupt life appeared but a dreary and sunless waste. We are sorry to confess to having breathed a series of passionate anathemas, a sort of concentrated essence of the Communion Service, against guileful syrens at the ends of piers generally, and against her at the end of the Southampton pier in particular. The poignancy of our anguish was intensified by the circumstance that our sorrows could not be revealed to our friends with any reasonable prospect of obtaining the solace of community of feeling with us on their part. The possession of the allumette cases was a mere mockery, and indeed an aggravation of woe, since they were just too valuable to throw away, and too ugly to give to anybody, so that there remained only the inconvenient

alternative of carrying them about our person till the contingent realisation of a prospect, then in very dim perspective, of setting up house somewhere, and thus acquiring a mantelpiece to put them upon. It occurred to us some years afterwards, on seeing an old German lady at Baden losing wildly at roulette, what a pity it was that her star had not led her at the outset of life to take a walk on Southampton pier, and thus subjected her to the chastening discipline of adversity at the wheel of fortune there. Her incipient passion for gambling would have been thereby, as the cockney metaphor expresses it, effectually "singed in the bud."

These reminiscences, together with our stay at the gardens, were abruptly terminated by the peremptory summons of the bell of the steam-boat for London.

IMPROMPTU LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY TO  
A SMALL MAID-OF-ALL-WORK OF AN  
INQUIRING SPIRIT.

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THAT bright star which looks as shining as if fresh from an active wash-leathering is Venus. In this planet the mountains have a peculiar property, which is found also to belong to those in Timbuctoo, of being as exactly as possible twice the height of those which are only half their altitude. They are covered perpetually with deep snow. Their summits extend to so near the sun that the snow in question is frequently observed to grow red hot. Venus has a couple of dozen or so of satellites; a pretty tolerable lot of followers it must be confessed for one lady, but Venus you must know is singularly attractive. In connexion with the subject of satellites and attractiveness, the notable fact may be adverted to

that the numerical amount of young bachelors who are found to be "cousins" to any given housemaid depends exclusively on the personal recommendations of their fair relative. This circumstance forms, of course, an impenetrable genealogical paradox to the uninitiated in such mysteries. The light of Venus is supplied by Aladdin's lamp, which is supposed to have gone out there, and to have been lighted again. When a screw gets loose in its arrangements, what is called an eclipse takes place. Next you see the dog-star, so called because it shines during the dog-days, and because also it is supposed by fanciful persons to bear some similitude to a dog, except only with respect to the head, body, tail, and legs, of that animal. It does not appear what sort of dog it is conceived to resemble, but on its first discovery it might have been pronounced to be then undeniably a new-found-land. That was so long ago however that it was then only a puppy. Mr. Green went up so high in his balloon one day that he could distinctly hear it bark. Just over the top of that tree is Jupiter, so called because that is the name which has been given to

it. Jupiter was a gentleman who lived, as an Irishman would say, "in very former times," at the top of a mountain in Turkey. He had no house to speak of, but was always up in the clouds like the wits of transcendental poets. There, as Homer represents him, he sat, darting lightnings all about the world with the activity of the clerk at the electric telegraph office at Epsom, at 3.30 p.m. on the Derby day. He seems to have been addicted to drinking like a fish, his weakness for nectar, having been apparently as powerful as Dr. Johnson's penchant for tea, or the affinity evinced by a Yankee for mint julep and cobbler. Jupiter was called the king of the gods. So that it would appear that the idea entertained by the ancients of the acme of divine bliss, if adapted to modern circumstances, would be to remain permanently at the top of Primrose Hill tippling ginger beer. The popularity enjoyed by the last-named beverage in its duplicate character of "beer" and "pop" places it by the suffrages of the British Public in a position of supreme estimation analogous to that of the nectar of the mythological period. The title of

“nectar” applied to an objectionable fluid prepared by Soyer must be considered as a misnomer, if the name is intended to represent it as a celestial beverage. The consumer of that peculiar effervescent will be inclined to pronounce, after an analytical examination of its composition, as ascertainable from the flavour, that he has been regaled on a potion of what may be described as “spoilt water with a sneeze in it.” Jupiter, as I told you, was considered to be the king of the gods. He was not at all so however of the goddesses, since the wretched fellow is represented as having been desperately henpecked by his wife Juno, who, from all we read of her, must have been as cantankerous a lady as Mrs. Caudle. The star just over your head is the North Star, which, though it looks through this telescope as no bigger than a somewhat stout pea, is in fact considered by the most learned continental as well as British astronomers to exceed even an orange in actual magnitude. The star which you observe in the dim distance is Vesta, who, since concluding her series of performances in the late classical extravaganza at the Olympic

theatre, has been “starring it in the provinces.” The planet near Vesta which appears to have been recently new-lacquered, or touched up by Elkington, is Vulcan, so called because it is of almost equal brilliancy with the moon. Vulcan used formerly to move in its orbit only at the rate of five thousand miles an hour, but since the introduction of steam its pace has been materially accelerated. A little to the left of the windmill is the constellation Orion, which derives its name from having been first colonised by a party of emigrants under the guidance of an Irishman of the name of O’Rion. I must not forget to point out to you the planet called Mars, which is interesting as, probably more than any other star, resembling our world. Mars was called by the ancients the god of war. From the representations of him which have come down to us he appears to have embraced the practice of wearing very light and airy attire, consisting merely, like the figures of St. George on some English coins, of a helmet and spear, so that certain South Sea Islanders are justified by authority in their adoption of the inadequate costume

which has been ascribed to them, of straps only and studs. By the way, I was nearly forgetting to tell you about the moon. The times and seasons in the moon are very different from ours, for the day and the night there each last a fortnight. So that an evening in that orb would be of sufficient duration for an Adelphi entertainment of three five-act plays, succeeded by a visit to the cider cellars, and would leave a margin over for supper and sleep besides. The group of stars you see yonder is what is called the constellation Cancer, or the Crab. It certainly requires a very ingeniously imaginative mind to perceive the figure which whoever christened this constellation must be supposed to have traced in so irregular a cluster of bright dots. If one were to have the Crab and the Bear pointed out together, one would be apt to enquire which was which. The question would be as natural as the famous one, so often quoted, which was addressed by the little girl to the halfpenny showman, of "Which, Sir, is Daniel and which is the lion?" and the exhibitor's answer of "Both's so like either that you

can't tell t'other from which," or, "Vichever you likes my little dear, you pays your money and you takes your choice," would be no less applicable in our case than in hers. The spectator indeed of the favorite scriptural tableau referred to has an advantage which the astronomical pupil does not enjoy, namely, that the appropriate accessories of each object introduced are often presented with so elaborate a minuteness of detail as to render the respective identities of the prophet and the wild beast hardly liable to misconception. He is, for instance, desired to remark, "That's the lion, him with the fiery heyes and the curly tail. Tail you obsarve curls so stiff as nearly to lift his ind legs horf the ground. And that ere's Dannel; the helderly gent in the blue coat, with brass buttons, with the bald ed and carbuncled nose. The lion a knawin his wery claws horf with unger, and him a sittin all unconsarned on a three-legged stool a readin hov *The Times* noospaper of yester-day." The prophet, it may be remarked, did duty yesterday as Sir Robert Peel, with the lion, then personifying "the British

lion," at his side. The same pair of figures will, as likely as not, form to-morrow the tableau of Androcles about to extract the thorn from the paw of his strange patient. But this is digressing. The last planet I shall point out to you is Saturn, which has a kind of ring round it, so that its appearance may be compared to the bullet of a two-grooved rifle, or an Irishman's head with his hat on, the latter having been reduced, as is usually the case in the sister isle, to its brim, or the pictures which one sees of saints with ill-executed nimbi, impressing one with the notion that the holy people represented were distinguished in life by the peculiarity of having a brass quoit always whizzing round their temples. Saturn is more than eighteen million billion miles from the earth (small girl betrays no surprise at this announcement), or more than a thousand times as far as from Millhall to Cuckfield Church. Small girl is now much impressed with the conception realised from the latter illustration of the illimitable vastness of space, and wonderingly ejaculates, "Law, Sir!"

## MILLHALL POULTRY.

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It is scarcely possible that the breasts even of the boldest can fail to be agitated by nervous apprehension when embarking on an enterprise so fraught with peril as the venturing on a London egg. In order therefore that some of our most esteemed friends may be occasionally spared this formidable ordeal, it has been our practice to keep certain poultry at Millhall, so as to be provided with the means of dispensing a few eggs which can be warranted not to crow. The most brilliant achievement in laying which ever came under our immediate observation was performed by a small bantam who was found to have made a nest in the hedge and banked herself up there in a heap of the whitest and tiniest eggs imaginable, like

homœopathic pills. The poor little soul nearly fell a victim to her exertions in the cause of duty, being so weakened by her efforts that she was shortly afterwards discovered squatting and unable to get up, in a cabbage bed, winking her eyes languidly with a dejected expression of countenance. Her exploits however were altogether eclipsed by the feat achieved by our neighbour Mrs. H——'s hen which laid twelve full-sized eggs in one night. The fact is unquestionable, since the lady was asked one evening if she had any eggs to sell, and she replied in the negative. Next morning however she appeared with a dozen, represented to have been laid in the night, and showed no disposition to controvert the remark that her one hen must be a most energetic bird. It would have been thought that nothing short of subjecting a prolific cochin to the action of a Bramah press, could have produced so magnificent a result. The occurrence is only paralleled by the singularity of the circumstances connected with the posthumous history of the same bird, and which may be worth recording for those, who

like our friend F. T. Buckland, have a taste for "curiosities of natural history." They are merely these. Our old lady made a pie, a magnificent poultry pie, of sufficient dimensions to provide a feast for herself, husband, seven sons, and a daughter. Just however as the happy family were sitting down to the social meal, one of the county constabulary did himself the pleasure of looking in, and evinced a peculiar inquisitiveness as to the contents of the pie. Being informed that it was composed of *the* hen, he made a remark with somewhat sardonic humour to the effect that it must have been a centipede, or a very odd bird, to have had sixteen legs and eight breasts, with wings in proportion. We forbear to relate the sequel. Ingenuity of an uncharitable tendency has professed to detect in these circumstances a possible elucidation of the great egg paradox.

The most famous layers we ever had were some cochins, since a constant trickle of eggs dribbled from them all about the premises. Eggs too, not like your miserable Tottenham-court-road abortions, which are

suggestively described as “laid by contract, thirteen to the dozen,” but fine fellows of a delicate rose du Barri colour, and in point of size almost rivalling that which the big cock deposits in the middle of the stage in pantomimes, and from which, when slapped by harlequin’s wand, is hatched a full fledged little harlequin. Cochins are indeed such indefatigable layers, that if you wish for an unimpeachably fresh egg for breakfast, actually warm from the hen, it will only be necessary to place your egg-cup, or rather perhaps the preparatory saucepan, within sight of your fowls, and the suggestion will no doubt be responded to by the dropping of an egg into the proposed receptacle forthwith. It must be conceded that they are certainly birds of very limited personal attractiveness in point of symmetry, springing, as they apparently do, as a cross breed between a lamp-post and a feather-bed. They do not make good mothers, having an unfortunate tendency to tread upon their offspring, scrunching them as flat as biffins in the process, and in the result the value of the chicks is found to be materially impaired.

Our experimental course of rearing Dorking chickens was not crowned by any gratifying success, since some ill-disposed hawk of the vicinity carried off each pullet the very instant it had attained a satisfactory plumpness, so that the respective dimensions of the plunderer and of our brood varied inversely, or, as we were about to write it, perversely. Our experiments also in the rearing of ducks conduced to a more brilliant result in respect of the diversion afforded thereby, than in the attainment of any particular financial advantages. The air of Millhall was supposed to be too stimulating to their constitutions, and that they outgrew their strength. Whatever may have been the cause of it, they all laboured under a lamentable debility. The most advanced of the last brood we had, became, when still a duckling, prematurely old and decrepit, and staggered about in a pitiable manner ("all swimey like" as my housekeeper said) as though the pond water had got into his head. It was observed also that in consequence of some screw loose in the anatomical organization of his neck, it frequently occurred that when he had

tucked his head under his wing he could not get it out again at the conclusion of his nap. So that the spectacle was presented to a compassionate public of the outside eye peering out from behind the feathers in a helpless and imbecile manner, invoking apparently aid to a duck in difficulties, and reminding one of the race of beings described in Othello

“The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

From the rickety disposition also of his locomotive arrangements, arising from debility, he waddled sideways, as barge horses may be observed to do when half pulled off their legs by the tow rope. Ducks are excellent gardeners in the very early spring before the seeds are in, as they like to look the borders over about twice a day, and with the portentous appetite with which they are gifted, it may easily be believed that a luscious slug or a juicy snail has but little chance of escape. Later in the year, the affinity

which is so strikingly developed in the duck constitution for young peas and strawberries renders their banishment from the garden unavoidable. A duck is evidently an impulsive being, since at an instant's notice, springing from a state of profound quiescence, a whole flock of them will suddenly set off in a grand state of quackery and excitement, shuffling along in single file with a desperate earnestness and empressement which is not a little ludicrous, seeing that the expedition never appears to result in any thing whatever. A duck is also unhappily an example of unnatural conduct towards his relations. If the father of a brood is allowed to be at large while his offspring are still too small to escape his attack, he is sure to destroy them all, as mythologists tell us Saturn did his children. The paterfamilias too of our tribe of ducks presented a most reprehensible exhibition of selfishness, violently appropriating to himself all the fattest frogs, a dozen of which were daily brought up from the cellar for the benefit of himself and family. Frogs, it may be observed, form a nutritious and cooling

aliment, and are employed with good effect in the fattening of young ducklings. Our duck's conduct also to his two wives in the matter of a certain pan was most indecorous and unmarital. The pond being dry, and the web-footed family manifesting some discontent at being debarred from their favorite luxury of cooling their toes, and being seen, as Virgil says, "*Incassum studio gestire lavandi*," a pan of water was established for them to dabble in, and enable them to rince their bills duck-fashion. The old duck however, imbued with a spirit of petty tyranny, used to seat himself in the middle of the pan, and make furious darts with his bill at any of his family who should timidly venture to try and obtain the smallest sip from his bath. It is satisfactory to be able to state that conduct so reprehensible not unfrequently met a signal chastisement in the shape of clods of earth or other soft brickbats of a miscellaneous character, which alighted from some unknown quarter, to our friend's very particular surprise and discomfiture, precisely on the centre of the crown of his head, causing

him to decamp in hot haste and in a very excited state of quack and flutter. The pan, though to some extent a useful institution, was not altogether a satisfactory substitute for the pond, since its shallowness precluded its frequenters from executing the favorite manœuvre to which ducks and light wherries are observed to be so addicted, of turning wrong side upwards. The vicissitudes also of temperature at the apex of the Millhall ridge are so excessive, that our note-paper-size sheet of water seemed to be always either frozen or dried up. Should we at any future time embark on another speculation in duck-keeping, it is our intention to adopt the shallowest bodied birds which may be obtainable, so that the resources of the pan may be more conveniently available to them. By a judicious cultivation of favorable individual peculiarities in this respect, we are not without hope that a breed of ducks may be developed so flatbottomed as to swim, as certain Yankee steamers are advertised to do, where it is only a little damp. The uninitiated in the mysteries of duckery may be interested to

learn that the three species of ducks in most general cultivation in England are the Aylesbury, the Salisbury, and the Rouen. What the special recommendations of the Salisbury birds are we do not happen to remember. The Rouen are stated in the poulterer's vernacular to be "more fatter," but the Aylesbury to be "more meatier." Anything less "meaty" than our feathered skeletons proved to be when brought to table could not be conceived by the most excursive imagination in the matter of ghosts, presenting, as these unhappy birds did, a spectacle of emaciation which was exceedingly deplorable. Viewed as comestibles, therefore, they could not be pronounced to be otherwise than unsatisfactory. When considered in relation to what orthodox ducks should be, they held an analogous position to that occupied by the ichthyological phenomena supplied to the consumer as oysters in second-rate shell-fish warehouses, when compared with the real natives with which the customers of Pimm are gratified. The latter will be seen to beam luminously with fresh and tender luscious-

ness, while the former are found by persons of a temperament sufficiently bold and reckless to adventure on their consumption, to consist exclusively of grit and bilge-water. It may be satisfactory to intending visitors to Millhall to learn that should they hear in future of duck-farming being practised there, any speculative enterprise in that quarter will have no reference whatever to the commissariat department of the house, and that our guests are not liable to be startled by any such anatomical displays as we have described. The ducks will be kept merely for the amusement they afford, as being very odd and unaccountable creatures in their ways, and generally quaint and comic.

## ODDMENTS.

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WHAT A REQUEST FOR A "PETIT DINER" AT THE  
HOTEL DE LA POSTE AT BRIANÇON PRODUCED.

"SOUPE," consisting of water diluted with something even weaker than itself, and in which a poultice appeared to have met a watery grave. French beans of the size of young cucumbers. Pommes d'amour, vegetable productions so red and wrinkled as to be vividly suggestive of washerwomen's thumbs. Trout of much the same dimensions as those used for counters at whist. A cube of beef, of the size of a die, and about as hard. Two chickens, not quite as large as sparrows, one roast and the other boiled. Compote of wild gooseberries from the adjoining mountains. Wine of puritanical-old-maid acidity. "Voila tout M'sieu." Bill two francs.

A PRACTICAL CONSIDERATION FOR MANŒUVRING  
MAMMAS.

DON'T give a ball at your own house, because all the various strings which each of your daughters has to her bow are sure to come to it. Then, since each young lady can flirt violently with but one of her satellites, all the rest of the troop, every individual of whom had entertained the fond illusion that he alone was the favoured party, go away in a state of signal disgust, and the chosen one, through perversity or conceit, probably does not come to a head after all.

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REFLECTIVE EPILOGUE APPENDED TO GRACE AFTER  
DINNER, AS ACTUALLY DELIVERED BY AN ELDERLY  
GENTLEMAN WITH WHOM WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF  
DINING.

“YES! thank Providence for a good dinner, and I’ve had a very good one. Once to mutton, twice to beef, beer, and potatoes.” Irreverent juvenile here goes off in

convulsions, and when brought to, inveighs against a perverse crumb which must have “gone the wrong way.”

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#### CONSIDERATE CONDUCT ON THE PART OF THE SUN.

DURING the London season the sun goodnaturedly rises overnight to accommodate ball-goers, who are thus enabled to see the spectacle on their way home to bed.

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#### NEW WORDS TO THE TUNE OF “I’M AFLOAT.”

“I’M A FOOL.”

*(Poeta loquitur.)*

I’m a fool, I’m a fool, I’m a regular fool  
According to every accredited rule,  
I’m a dolt, I’m a donkey, and all must agree,  
When they hear why I think myself foolish, with me.

I'm a fool, for I think it a treat to dine out  
With people I don't care three-halfpence about,  
To chatter on subjects the most commonplace  
Yet keep up a gratified smirk on my face.

I'm a stupid old fool, for I deeply abhor all  
Theatricals, thinking them grossly immoral;  
I frown with a sanctified sneer at a ball,  
And join brother-boobies at Exeter Hall.

I'm a fool, I'm the weakest of fools, for if ill  
I make myself worse with a Holloway's pill,  
My dress, the mode, not the thermometer suits,  
And I walk in wet weather in gossamer boots.

I'm a fool, I make puns and consider that witty,  
I trust in young ladies and think them all pretty,  
I stickle for fatally rigid propriety,  
And vote "empty bottles" delightful society.

I'm a fool, I believe nearly half what I'm told,  
 I pay Cabby double for fear he should scold,  
 I like grim old maids of the Puritan school—  
 But enough—for I see you admit I'm a fool.

Chorus of muffs, "I'm a fool," &c.

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#### PROPHETIC VIEW OF A FUTURE STATE.

BY A TURKEY.

YES, my time is coming. At Christmas I shall be—roasted—possibly boiled—who can say! since the dark veil of futurity, as a dishcover, shrouds this from my prophetic gaze. On the 26th these legs will be—yes—it is too true!—devils. On the 27th my sad remains will be broiled. On the 28th I may make "positively my last appearance" as a hash. On the 29th bones to the cat. I can pursue this painful theme no further.

IMPROMPTU REPARTEE TO A PARTICULAR QUESTION,  
NAMESLY,

“Who is your flame?” Such a beautiful dame!

Quite a treat to behold, but alas!

Sad is your case, you can ne’er see her face

Except—when you look in the glass.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

“The murmuring surge  
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes.”—*King Lear*.

SINCE King Lear happens to be all the fashion just now, it may do some most unintelligent reader (the intelligent of course cannot need to have their attention directed to the matter) a service to point out the graphic force of the “idle” in the above passage. Anyone who does not feel the full spirit and propriety of the adjective referred to, as used in the line quoted, is entreated to take one of the cheap excur-

sion trains to Brighton (it will be well worth while) and sit on the beach there, and note how the peculiar and utterly passive "abandon" of the pebbles, as they listlessly suffer themselves to be rolled backwards and forwards by the flux and reflux of each advancing and retreating wave, is hit off by the epithet applied to them. As a general rule it may safely be wagered that no single word which is adopted by Shakespeare could be replaced by any other without disadvantage. The whole of the above passage might be adduced in proof of this now universally admitted fact. When our Bœotian is at Brighton, he is recommended to continue his tour a few miles eastward, till he comes to a certain quiet little sandy bay just beyond Beachy Head, and there sit awhile

" Watching the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,"

and he will then begin to have eyes for the pictorial beauties of a more recent poet also when discoursing on the same theme. We have alluded elsewhere to

Byron's "*staid* lieutenant." The author of *Don Juan* has contrived by a single unpretentious little epithet to exhibit a vivid photographic representation of the gait, manner, look, and general bearing, of an English naval officer on duty.

MESSRS. SHOOLBRED & CO'S ESTABLISH-  
MENT IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

(EXCISED FROM THE 2ND EDITION OF "A PIPE OF  
DUTCH KANASTER.")

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“THE shops (at Amsterdam) are substantial, and occasionally smart, particularly one draper's which seemed to me more magnificent than anything of the kind at Paris, but not worthy to be named in comparison with the splendours in London. Probably in all such establishments there is a similar complement of bland gentlemen behind the counters, with spotless white neckcloths and insinuating address, to beguile half-reluctant ladies into wild investments in lace and ribbons, and thereby plunge their ill-fated husbands

into hopeless abysses of pecuniary embarrassment. It is an amusing sight to stand, regardless of commands from peremptory policemen to "muv on," at a certain spot in Tottenham-court-road, and peep through the glass door of Shoolbred's at the corps of ministering spirits behind the counter there. Observe one of them, him who is attending to that corpulent old lady in the snuff-coloured bonnet, who looks so unspeakably wretched on the narrow perch of a high backed chair, though trying with all her might to look happy and secure. With what winning and tender grace he propounds the enquiry as to what she may be pleased to want ! with what surprising manual dexterity he whisks out a roll of silk, or calico, or flannel, as the case may be, and has measured out and snipped off the desired length in infinitely less than no time ! With what an air of confidential and tender solicitude he inquires what may be the next article he may have the pleasure of showing her this morning ! Nothing in sarsnets, madam ? Now this is a very tasty thing indeed, and very moderate ; yes, we can sell you this as low as

ninepence, the pattern too is exceedingly chaste. Now this is also a superb thing, and the colours are singularly rich ; this would become you particularly, Madam, and it is also a very unusual bargain." But the lady, scopulis surdior Icari, is inflexible in rigid self denial and economical resolutions, so the insidious blandishments of the tempter fall without effect. Yes, even when he holds up the last new thing in satin, and softly sighing, says "sweet thing !" with gentle emotion, she remains grimly impregnable to persuasion, and is wholly unmoved by the last despairing appeal of "nothing in flannellings ?" And then when you begin to think he must be getting a little tired with his exertions, with what unimpaired alacrity he whips out a pen from a curly recess in the auricular demesnes, and then, all undaunted by the perilous addition of fractions to be encountered in the very first column, dashes through complicated arithmetical calculations with twenty-ready-reckoner speed and accuracy. But he hasn't half done yet. With what an appearance of something like sorrowful deprecation he receives the

money, as though he didn't like taking it, and was half inclined to protest against it altogether, and obeying the generous impulse of his heart make a present of the goods out and out. But he *has* prevailed on himself to take it, and has slipped off for change, which he brings back, possibly in a neat envelope ; and then, as if bent on raising the obligations under which he has laid her of the bonnet to a climax, slips in feverish haste to open the door for her (don't try to anticipate him, ma'am, for it would break his heart), and bows her out with a smile of ineffable sweetness and amiability. But stay a moment longer just to look at the Cashier, who inhabits the pew, or bin, or sentry-box, in the middle of the shop, and deals out change to a throng of impatient applicants faster than old centimanus Gyges himself with his hundred hands could have done it. Yet he is always calm and collected, although the very nucleus of the bustling whirl of the whole establishment, and called as many ways at once as would have reduced a thousand Figaros to the last extremity of distraction and despair. But now you

must keep a liitle out of sight, and take only a sly and modest peep at the elderly gentleman with the urbane yet strong-minded countenance who paces slowly up and down the nave, so to call it, of the shop, and has just now turned his face towards us. He is one of the partners in the business, or at any rate a high potentate in the establishment, and saunters in dignified leisure, awing and subduing the throng around him. Like “the *staid* Lieutenant” whose look, gait, &c. Byron so graphically describes by a single word. What unimpeachable integrity is written on his face ! How intensely respectable his massive watch chain ! What irreproachable purity of character is shadowed forth by the unsullied spotlessness of his very boots ! He is a rigid and inflexible disciplinarian however, and frowns grimly on the slighest breach of propriety. But though such a “Jupiter Omnipotens” and sometimes also “tonans,” he can be bland too, nay even condescending, to those who show themselves worthy of such notice by becoming his customers. Just at this moment, see, he is bowing with graceful courtesy to a

young woman with a basket on her arm who is leaving the shop, and dismisses the happy object of such favour all in a glow of pride and exultation at the distinction. But this is a digression."

## EPITAPH ON DOG BILLY.

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*Hic jacet Gulielmus.*

Mortuus es Gulielme ! oculus caret iste nitore  
Unicus,<sup>1</sup> heu olim quod fuit unde jubar !  
Curva magis, dictu mirabile, (nescia semper  
Flectere) lethali frigore cauda riget.  
Scilicet interitûs tanti carbone ab amicis  
Cretâ à felinâ gente notanda dies,  
Funereâ caudam velabit Lou tua pallâ,  
Dimidium<sup>2</sup> melius flens viduata sui.  
Quam canet<sup>3</sup> exiguum pugnâ commissus iniquâ  
Cerberus infelix, te rapiente<sup>4</sup> gulam.  
Par antique<sup>5</sup> vale ! spirataque ab ære (Latino  
Rite canum<sup>6</sup>) maneat laus celebrata canis.

(1) The other was lost in the wars.

(2) Her better half.

(3) Sing small.

(4) Whip out his wind-pipe.

(5) Old fellow.

(6) Dog Latin.

## THE MORNING ADVERTISER.

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Do you ever read the "Tiser?" If not, you neglect a periodical which in freshness of intelligence as well as in extent of circulation is second only to *The Times*, and you remain unconscious of the opportunities for setting up in life and realising a fortune without doubt or difficulty which the advertisements disclose. The theological element has however of late occupied the most prominent portion of the paper. In religious politics the "'Tiser" is of course rampant low church, and down right pugilistic, so to speak, in its style of abuse of the world of M. B. waistcoats. Nothing short of a perfect dragon of evangelicism will satisfy our polemical publicist, since not long since when a notice appeared in *The Times* that a particular divine,

who, so far from having Anglican tendencies, was supposed to be pretty much of an "anythingarian," had been raised to a bishopric then vacant, the *Advertiser* hastened to declare that the announcement had been altogether premature; and added that it was hoped that the premier would appoint "some less objectionable party." We remember on one occasion observing a foreigner who had borrowed a *Bell's Life* from us in an Austrian railway carriage, reading an article in that paper on some point of religious controversy which was then agitating the theological world, and pondering on it with grave attention, being utterly guiltless of any suspicion whatever that our different newspapers are each authoritative oracles only in their own particular class of subjects respectively, and that clearly no party whatever of polemical disputants would ever speak by the voice of so intensely and pre-eminently secular a publication as Bell. The *Advertiser* is however the organ of the Paul Foscott school of philosophers, and a worthy exponent of the opinions professed by those worthies. Our friend is of course as arrant an

ultra radical as ever was hatched, and never ceases to punch the ribs of despotism, or, as it would say itself, "to beard each haughty despot," with invectives of an energetic description. We certainly do not happen to recollect at this moment an instance of our thunderer's denunciations having been attended by any remarkable effects, or that a sufficient amount of general indignation was ever excited by them to (we adopt the style of the articles referred to) hurl any particular tyrant or oppressor from his gory throne, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of assembled Europe. But victims of domestic no less than of foreign oppression find in the *Advertiser* a chivalrous and ever-ready champion, and a bosom with a chord in it strung to vibrate with a thrill of fraternal sympathy with the British blackguard in a fix. Should some convivial party of irregular habits be fished out of a gutter in a state which he will probably mildly describe next morning as having been "summut forard in beer," or, as we should more uncompromisingly express it, in a state of abject fuddlement, and not be received at the station-house by the superintend-

ent on duty with the elaborate courtesy which a feeling for him in his trials should, as he considers, dictate, the "Tiser," on hearing of the circumstances, becomes very eloquent on the subject of "pampered officials," and warns the authorities what a crater of popular indignation is seething beneath their feet, and getting up its steam for a grand explosion at the earliest opportunity.

The letters on various subjects which are addressed to the Editor present reflections of the somewhat erratic views with respect to syntax entertained by his correspondents. Their solecisms in orthography happily receive some judicious chastening while passing through the press. Most of these letters evince a sublime contempt on the part of the writers for being trammelled by those petty niceties of diction and paltry technicalities of grammatical construction adopted by educated composers. The idiomatical peculiarities also are of a richly oriental stamp, that is to say, savour strongly of Whitechapel and the eastern postal district generally. It is to be deplored that persons

who are fired with literary impulses of this description should think it necessary to endeavour to create a peculiarly erroneous impression of their being classical scholars. This object is attempted to be attained by the introduction of quotations, generally alleged to be from Horace, but such as would make that poet's hair stand on end with dismay, could he enjoy the privilege of perusing the "'Tiser," at the enormity of the atrocious Latin laid to his charge. With respect however to irregularities of composition, the advertisements constitute even still more surprising literary phenomena, exhibiting such grammatical portents as would give Lindley Murray a fit. To quote an instance actually verbatim, and with the punctuation of the original. (The comments in parentheses are of course our own.)

**A GOOD LIVING FOR ONLY THIRTY GUINEAS.**—Superior General Business, Country Butter, &c., for about half value through illness (of the butter?) The proprietor of this genuine little business, averaging about £15 per week (the proprietor?) being through illness compelled (his advertisement affords internal evidence of there being something radically wrong about him) to leave London, affords an opportunity of advantageously combining energy with a small capital seldom occurring, being (N.B. the advertiser) an excellent opening for the Coal Trade, with back entrance for horses (!) Rent only £26. Apply at 54, St. John-street, Smithfield.

We were very much tempted to apply at the address given for the sake of the interest which would have naturally attended an introduction to a person who had achieved the literary exploit of the conception and composition of the foregoing, We confess to a curiosity to see the man. It appears that he is to be let at an average of £15 per week, and he is clearly cheap at so low a figure. As a draughtsman of Acts of Parliament, in the accepted style of rendering their meaning inscrutable by the most ingenious obfuscation of language which the perversest legal ingenuity can devise, he would be invaluable to the country. He must have caught his vein of inspiration from the perusal of such compositions. Another wiseacre of the same stamp as the one just quoted writes "These long established premises are now to be disposed of solely through the illness of the wife" (the wife of the premises?) Another informs us that his premises are to let, and that "The proprietor being about to enter another line of business must be disposed of immediately" (the proprietor must?) It is to be

hoped that the "other line of business" is not connected with our national literature.

Our "'Tiser," as it is with affectionate familiarity termed by its patrons, being the great medium of intercommunication between the members of the Licensed Victualling and of the subordinate fraternities of the same character, a large portion of its space is devoted to descriptions of "businesses" in various lines, each of which is represented as a short cut to opulence and comfort, in fact, "a genuine money-getting concern." The language in which the particulars in each case are detailed, though eminently graphic to the initiated, partakes so much of the technical, that some of its eloquence is lost to the profane. Since however this eminently "vulgar tongue" has a certain quaintness of individuality about it which is not altogether devoid of amusement for the general reader, we may introduce a small collection of inelegant extracts from the two or three numbers of the paper last published. To begin with the following, which is likely to be so tempting to a young couple that it might

be conceived to have the effect of suggesting the expediency of committing matrimony to those who had not previously had any such step in contemplation.

## CITY OF LONDON. A FREE BEER

**HOUSE.** To be disposed of, the present occupier going into a licensed house. The above is suitable for a young married couple having a small capital. There is a good Coffee Trade, in addition to a first-class beer connection. To be let at a premium and valuation.

The two following would appear to be the very Walhallas, or Escurials, or Chatsworths, of public-houses

**BEER PALACE.** To be let, by W. H. Johnson, in an immensely populated beer-drinking neighbourhood, drawing 20 barrels a month, all across the counter. A capital jug and glass trade. The bar is splendidly fitted up—2 entrances. A convenient house, with back premises, suitable for a manufactory—part let off. Is held on a good term, and possession had on easy terms. Apply, &c.

**A CORNER FREE ALE AND STOUT**  
**HOUSE.** Situate in a leading thoroughfare, doing a very large glass trade, at full prices, and adjacent to the most popular place of amusement in London, where thousands congregate every evening; those who are seeking a genuine concern, should see this immediately. The premises comprise a noble bar, bar parlour, bagatelle room, several bedrooms, and private entrance. Held on a long lease, at a low rent. Apply, &c.

The following is encircled by what one might call a halo of mysterious interest

**I**MPORTANT TO COFFEE-HOUSE KEEP-ERS AND OTHERS. Old-established business in the most improving part of the City, for about £100 cash, recently cost £250. Pressing circumstances, impossible to explain in an advertisement, compelling the proprietor to leave immediately. Presents an opportunity to any business person of soon doubling the investment, being surrounded by warehouses, manufactories, &c. Rent and taxes all let off unfurnished. Particulars of Mr., &c.

The ingenuity which is evinced by the last advertiser in contriving to embody every possible absurdity of confused writing in the above remarkable production is worthy of note. So also is the somewhat elliptical form of idiom with which it concludes, namely, that the “rent and taxes are all let off unfurnished.” The statement of “pressing circumstances impossible to explain in an advertisement compelling the proprietor to leave immediately” opens up an expanded field for conjectural activity in those who find amusement in the exercise of imaginative speculation. For the variety of “pressing circumstances” which might be attended by the result referred to, have a range extending from a demand upon “the proprietor” to fulfil the duty which his country may be conceived to claim from him of assuming some brilliant and important position in the court or legislature, to a compliance with the decree of a judicial

tribunal by taking a dance upon nothing, as it is playfully termed, in front of the Old Bailey at eight o'clock on some fine Monday morning in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. We feel disposed to view the latter eventuality, rather than the former, as that to which the retirement of the proprietor would be with more probability referable. Such a case seems to be shadowed with more distinctness in the following

**TO BE LET**, under very painful circumstances,  
a first-class ALE and STOUT HOUSE, doing an excellent business, and decidedly the greatest beer-drinking neighbourhood in London.

And more explicitly still in this

**A SMALL PUBLIC-HOUSE TO BE LET.**  
Coming in for lease, furniture, and effects, £200, being offered at the above low sum in consequence of the present party having a Government situation.

The Government situation obtained by "the present party" may be reasonably conjectured to be at Milbank, It would probably also be found that Her Majesty's Government in inviting him thither have been actuated by considerations connected with his moral improve-

ment, and that he will make his visit to the Penitentiary rather as a temporary sojourner there, than as a permanent functionary engaged in the administrative department of the establishment.

In the following it will be observed from the words which we have taken the liberty of italicising, that the establishment offered is precisely adapted to the requirements of persons wanting exactly such a thing, which is a truly “undeniable” recommendation indeed!

**CHEAP AFFAIR. SUPERIOR GENERAL**  
**SHOP** in the suburbs, doing a good profitable trade, for a few pounds only; entirely through illness. The above genuine little business—a short distance from the City—*will be found suitable to almost any person seeking something of the kind, &c., &c.*

It might with equal propriety be added that it will be found to be unlike anything which it does not resemble.

What may be called the consumptive tendencies of the vicinity in each case, as developed by the nature of the occupation of the residents, forms a material consideration in estimating the probable custom of any

particular establishment. Instances of this occur in the four following advertisements

**A GENUINE SNUG LEASEHOLD PUBLIC HOUSE**, situate in a good mechanical neighbourhood.

**LEASEHOLD ALE AND STOUT HOUSE.**  
Commanding corner. Very handsomely fitted, and paying £45 per month proof. Messrs. MONK have the above to let, with immediate possession. It commands the best course of an immense traffic, and is surrounded by large factories, constantly employed. In energetic hands fully capable of £90 per month, besides refreshments.

**CAPITAL FULL-PRICED HOUSE**, doing also a large trade in Chops, Steaks, &c., at best prices. Hundreds of clerks, &c., are employed in the immediate vicinity.

**A FREE ALE AND STOUT HOUSE**, in one of the greatest traffics in London, doing a capital glass trade, with a jug trade at  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  per pot.

So, in many cases it is stated that houses already “doing an excellent full-priced trade,” “doing a handsome counter trade,” &c., are, from the reputed absorbing powers of the vicinity, “capable from the locality to do 50 barrels per month.” Chemists wishing to dispose of their premises do not appear to have adopted, as they might have done, a corresponding form of recommendation, by stating that in consequence of the com-

bined conditions of an abundance in the neighbourhood of lollipop shops, together with a large juvenile population, and the exigencies naturally arising from the concurrence of these circumstances, their establishments are capable of doing such and such a number of gallons of aperient and other corrective medicines per week. Those who are unfortunate enough to have had occasion to form an intimate practical acquaintance with the vicinity of the Inns of Court will estimate the recommendation quoted above of "hundreds of clerks employed in the immediate vicinity" at the considerable value which in fact belongs to it. To realise its whole force a visit should be paid to Long's in Chancery Lane on a hot afternoon in an atmosphere so suffocating as is only to be experienced in legal precincts. Such an atmosphere as makes the most muscular men feel weak and limp, and which causes thin men to evince a tendency to evaporate, and subjects fat ones to a liability of descent into the heels of their boots. There is then consequently a violent run on cool drinks and esculents of a succulent character, and

Long's trade becomes furious. In the technical language of reports of markets which records the circumstance of any particular article of commerce having been in brisk demand by stating, for example, that sugars were lively, leads buoyant, butters animated, and tallows feverish, it might be said that on such occasions, lemonades, gingerbeers, and pops, are in exuberant, nay boisterous, spirits. As for the delectable compound of ale and gingerbeer known as shandy-gaff (we must decline responsibility for the orthography of a word which subsists in tradition only, and was probably never spelt before) *that* gets into a state of wild and fiery excitement. The general briskness pervading the establishment in all its departments culminates in the opener of oysters, who digs away at dozen after dozen of his victims with frantic energy, till he first wallows, and eventually gets banked up beyond hope of deliverance, in an encircling accumulation of shells. Glistening luminously, up to the last that can be seen of him, under his exertions, like the moist molluscs which his knife exposes. No

wonder that oysters are popular at Long's, fresh, juicy, and plump as they appear to be, none of your unpleasant Whitechapel prodigies all beard and seawater. The cool ales dispensed at the Rainbow and the Cock in Fleet street, and the aromatic coffee to be enjoyed at Groom's, have achieved an European reputation and are independent of any mere local patronage. Adjoining these is a confectioner's establishment conducted by a party "rejoicing," as the Eton Latin Grammar so quaintly says that transitive verbs do in the particular cases of substantives upon which they operate, in the name of Button. From the impressive display of triangular tarts, commonly known we understand as "cocked hats," which his shop window presents, he would seem, judging from appearances, to be connected by extended commercial relations in those delicacies with the more inexperienced portion of the surrounding legal community. Since however we have wholly failed to detect any reckless person actually consuming dainties of so exceptionable a character, we feel disposed to embrace the theory that the tarts referred to

must be only artful models of pastry in sandstone, such as one sees at the mineral shops on the Chain Pier at Brighton, and that decorative effects only are contemplated by their exhibition.

The advertisements of public houses, and the associations of not altogether unmixed attractiveness which their perusal recalls, are sometimes pleasingly relieved by sketches of establishments of a more interesting character such as the following

**COUNTRY SHOP AND PREMISES.** To be let or sold. Suitable for grocers and general dealers, bakers, beershop keepers, dairymen, &c, especially those retiring a few miles from London to recover health. A new 4-roomed roadside cottage, shop at side, shed and garden, in a small village near a market town. Commanding a moderate business without exertion, or a large trade by driving a chaise and cart to supply neighbouring residents, in a beautiful surrounding country.

It requires but a very limited flight of imagination to raise a soft vision in one's mind's eye of the aged grocer, publican, or general dealer, as the case may be, retired, after the agitating turmoil of "a brisk counter business," into a calm retreat like this "in a beautiful surrounding country." Who's fancy is so inert as not spontaneously to picture him reposing in patriarchal

dignity under his own vine or fig tree, contemplating the encircling panorama of field and grove, himself the gentlest and most lovely ornament of the sylvan scene? The beams of satisfaction, kindled by the consciousness of the rectitude and integrity which marked his past career, illuminate his countenance, and shed their soft halo round his reverend head, while at the same time the impress on his delicate cheek of the finger of sickness (which, as the advertisement suggests, may have been the cause of his seeking such retirement) chastens with its gentle and subduing touch of tender pensiveness the more cheering effects of the tableau.

Although we are lingering rather long in a public-house atmosphere, it would be too gross an omission to pass over in silence the manifestoes of the army of potmen and barmaids who are candidates for new situations. All such persons, it will be observed, have "undeniable characters," a term which might be objected to as equivocal, did not its susceptibility of any interpretation which may be consonant with actual

fact secure its uniform consistency with truth, and thus exempt it from criticism by the lovers of candour. It may be reasonably inferred upon perusing advertisements of this class that since "no objection to the country" is so often appended to them, the charms of rusticity have ordinarily no attractions for ladies and gentlemen of the bar. The two following are specimens of the ordinary style in which the candidateship of some fair would-be débutante in "public" life is notified to the world

**AS BARMAID.** An active young woman, aged 26, with many years experience of a brisk counter. No objection to make herself useful, &c.

And

**TO HOTEL KEEPERS AND PUBLICANS.**

A young lady, age 21, of highly respectable parents, wishes for an engagement as barmaid in a good house of business. No salary required for the first six months.

A third states that she has "no objection to make herself generally useful, if not too menial." A fourth expresses her readiness to place her energies at the disposal of society "as barmaid in a spirit bar, or to

wait on a parlour," while a fifth notifies herself to be available also as "gridiron cook," whatever that may be. The theory that all of us have each our own peculiar talent in which even the most obscure would shine, were but an advantageous sphere presented for its exercise, finds some support in the following advertisement, of a kind not very uncommon, in which a very juvenile lady rests her claims to eligibility on the circumstance of her portentous weight

**A** **MERICAN BARMAID**, 12 years of age,  
weighing 17 st. 10 lbs., &c.

America, to judge from the gigantic size of its natural products, appears to be the modern Brobdignag, whether we take our 17 st. 10 lbs. charmer as an example of their ladies, or their skylarks, which, as we gather from our friend Elihu Burritt's description (and so accurate an observer of nature and truthful an authority cannot mislead us) are about equal in cubic volume to an ordinary bandbox, and consequently don't seem to care about "soaring" much, or the Kentucky parsnips

which grow so long that they may be pulled out by their lower extremities at the Antipodes. A farsighted view to something more than a position of mere present emolumentary advantage is apparently discernible in the address of the fair spinster (for such no doubt she must be), who declares her services to be available "as barmaid where a potman is kept." Just as if you, eligible reader, being still on promotion, were to notify your readiness to act "as governess where a tutor is employed," or "as tutor where a governess is kept," as the case may be.

What are the duties of an ordinary "potman" may readily be gathered from the recommendation most prominently put forward respecting themselves by members of that profession of having been "used to a brisk counter trade." When however you read that Mr. Philpotts is desirous of forming an official connexion with some establishment as "outpotman," we confess ourselves not in a position to explain in what the particular duties of a paid attaché of this description to a publichouse may consist. He may be

supposed to be identical with the "one o'clock beer," one of those gentry with roseate faces and snowy white aprons whom one observes after church on Sundays carrying about pewter pots of malt liquor frothing merrily on little vehicles, partaking about equally of the nature of sedan chairs and outside jaunting cars, shedding a pot at each area, to be reclaimed thence empty next day suspended by its handle from the rails. He appears to bear an analogous position to that of the apostle of the baker who may be seen at the same time, namely, after church on Sunday, in the active exercise of his vocation. Small hungry boys find it a cheap luxury to follow, sniffing actively, the last-named functionary as he bustles along bearing from the bakehouse to its destination the Sunday dinner tray, with its richly-browned leg of mutton and trimmings, or the smoking sirloin with its encircling garniture of baked potatoes and Yorkshire pudding, leaving a ravishing perfume in its wake, and forming, in the strain of guide-book eloquence, a picture calculated to entice the appetite and engage the nose.

The various “businesses” and “concerns” stated, according to the particular class to which they may belong, to be “doing” such-and-such a number of sacks per week, “having a good run in small goods,” or “a good run” (this is a favourite expression) “in takings,” show how multitudinous are the fields of commercial enterprise in which a party of speculative impulses may expatiate. We insert three examples of “businesses” which are described in the following terms

**A GENERAL SHOP**, near Soho-square. Old-established. Has done above £12 per week. To effect an immediate sale £8 will be taken for utensils and fixtures. Also a capital Fried Fish Business—corner shop—stands well, and will always command a good trade. This must be sold before Michaelmas, so £10 will be taken for fixtures, &c.

**CIGAR BUSINESS FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.** A lady who cannot, from family engagements, attend to the above, which for situation stands second to none in London, will dispose of the same, on very advantageous terms, if taken early. The coming in for stock and fixtures will be under £50, and offers to a persevering young man the certainty of a lucrative investment.

**GENERAL BUSINESS.** Rent and taxes only £17. Doing £12 a week. Price £25. Situate near Golden-lane, St. Luke’s—one of the best spots in London for this line, where any person, male or female, can always do a good profitable trade. This is a chance. Apply immediately at J. Nicholson & Son’s Office, 6, Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, near the shop. Letters enclose stamp.

A "general business," where it may be presumed that no conceivable form of development of industrial ingenuity, from a farthing lollipop to a princess' garters (which may perhaps be taken respectively as the nadir and zenith of the universe of manufactures in point of interest) can be reasonably supposed to be out of place, appears to be the sort of establishment the conduct of which would be calculated to suit "a party" whose genius is of too comprehensive an order to tolerate confinement within the limits of any one particular sphere of mercantile operation. The prosecution of a "fried fish business," to judge from our own experience of Middlesex Lane, Ratcliffe Highway, and other unsavoury localities where persons of the Jewish persuasion who are much addicted to fish fried in oil do much resort, and where the characteristic aroma of their favorite preparation addresses itself with unpleasant obtrusiveness to the nose of the pedestrian, would necessitate such an insensibility to unappetizing influences as we are very far indeed from enjoying.

It is a fact which has not yet been satisfactorily

accounted for that nine tenths of the Johns and Bettys who meet in service, and agree to blend their bright existences and fortunes in the connubial amalgam, are fired with an illstarred impulse to set up in the greengrocery line. Illstarred, because the rate at which their cabbages go off varies inversely as the rapidity of evanescence of the capital formed from their poor savings of wages. Soon therefore succeeds a perplexing season of fiscal embarrassment, followed by a return to service of the unhappy couple, minus their small accumulations, and probably also they are no longer "without encumbrance." We say therefore "to persons about to marry" of this description, be deaf to the syren's song in your 'Tiser of "A snug corner greengrocer's coal and potatoe warehouse with a good family connexion." Choose rather "a confectionary business, ices would take well as there is nothing of the kind in the neighbourhood," or consider the proposal addressed "To any young couple who are in want of a light genteel business in the tobacco and news line and other miscellaneous works," or let your walk in life be "a

milk walk " of which an indefinite number seem to be always in the market, "doing" a fabulous amount of "barn gallons" a day. You would probably with reason consider the following comprehensive scheme of commercial enterprise as too multifarious in its aims to permit of so exclusive a concentration of the faculties on one particular set of objects as the intricacy of mercantile operation is usually found to demand

**GROCER'S AND CHEESEMONGER'S,**  
 with a full-priced milk walk attached. Ill-health the sole reason for parting with this money-getting affair.

Another class of advertisements in our 'Tiser will supply some food for the digestion of the reflective mind in the examples they present of the endless minute differences in shades of employment into which in the highly methodical organization of our present social state labour is divided, as well as of the curious multiplicity of occupations which are as fully recognized as distinct trades by the lower strata of society as are the Law, Physic, and Divinity, of the upper ten thousand. What for instance may be

the nature of the performances expected of the “cutters” in the two next quoted advertisements, or what the most desirable qualifications “either in the carcass way, or in any part of the shop sales” referred to in the third may be, we can but conjecture, though they are evidently distinct, although minute, subdivisions of professional employment, and considered to be too well recognized to require detailed particulars.

**W**ANTED, a respectable young man, about 20 years of age, as under cutter in an eating house, and to do the general work.

**W**ANTED, by a person who thoroughly understands his business, a situation as measure cutter or managing slop cutter. Two years reference can be given.

**W**ANTED, by a respectable man, a situation as foreman to a master butcher; a person well qualified, either in the carcass way or in any part of the shop sales.

Before laying down the numbers of the 'Tiser on which we have been preaching so tedious a sermon, we cannot forbear glancing at the advertisements of a miscellaneous character which our newspaper contains. About the top of the third column on the first page is

generally to be observed a notice fulminated against some delinquent Mr. Tunks, or Buggins, or Grout, as the case may be, whose proceedings would seem to be characterised by a culpable dilatoriness, that if he does not fetch away his mangle, or whatever other insufficiently appreciated souvenir of himself he may have left on the advertiser's premises, it will be sold to pay expenses. A vendor of some heinous quack medicine which he calls "incomparable oil," heads his puff with "antagonistic to prejudice and empiricism," and since his advertisement continues to appear, the conclusion, however difficult of realisation in actual belief, is inevitable, that there are living people, or to speak with probably more accuracy, people who *have lived*, of temperaments sufficiently wild and reckless to venture upon the suicidal temerity of applying incomparable oil to their persons. Another advertiser vaunts some probably no less mischievous preparation as "unique," which it probably is. "A trial solicited and competition defied," and he adds "the money returned if not satisfactory." This last engagement it

would be no less unreasonable than unfair to mistrust, the meaning of the undertaking given being of course, according to its strict literal terms, that if you pay him with a bad shilling he will return it to you for the purpose of receiving one more "satisfactory." The culminating point in the eulogium of the merits of a poney advertised to be sold refers to the actual existence at this period of the world's history of a female anomaly such as we had supposed to be extinct since the days of "the fair one with golden locks" since it is stated that it "has been driven by a lady with a silver mane and tail!"

One does not often find among the advertisements in the 'Tiser the manifestoes of persons who make their "desire to form a matrimonial connection" known through the press. Such people seem for the most part to choose weekly rather than daily papers as vehicles for the notification of their wishes. The reason of this circumstance may probably be descried in the fact that weekly periodicals permeate more diffusively than do daily papers among rural districts, where nature's

products are all delightfully green together, and where therefore such advertisers have the best chance of putting their salt, to use an ancient metaphor, upon the tail of some very silly bird. It occurred to us on reading a book on natural history the other day, what a resemblance two incomplete humans each panting for another half bear to certain lion ants of Africa. It appears, unless the naturalist we quote is a gross romancer, that these ants are actually slimmer at their waists than is even the English variety of that insect, and that they are consequently liable to the embarrassing contretemps of being divided altogether by any slight accident. When this disaster occurs, the two halves are alleged to wander discontentedly about in search of that without which each of them feels its own separate being to be incomplete, but should they at length encounter one another, a truly connubial hostility ensues.

The language of the descriptions which the columns of *The Advertiser* contain, some of which we have quoted, of the various "businesses" offered to the speculative public, might, as it would seem, be advanta-

geously employed by those seeking to double themselves through the agency of the press, in describing their own recommendations on the one hand, and intimating the nature of the qualifications desired to be met with in the responding party on the other. Thus, supposing a young lady to have made up her mind that to marry an amiable tradesman with a fortune of, say £200, would satisfy her aspirations in life, she might adopt this advertisement, merely substituting her own description for the heading of "A brewer's public house," and state herself "To be sold,—cash required for possession £200, suitable for a gentleman's servant or a young tradesman. The above has only to be seen to procure a purchaser. Principals only treated with. Parties meaning business may apply on the premises," &c.

A widow who has ceased to be particular about the recommendations which must distinguish a candidate for a partnership with her, except as to the satisfactory state of his consols' account, might write "Worth attention. To be let, a genuine concern. Parties

with £1,000 may obtain particulars and cards to view." An old female party, somewhat the worse for the wear of time and the discontentedness of spinster-hood, who has found that the setting of her cap at a long series of single persons of the other sex has been attended with no result, or by merely that of a little barren philandering on the part of some of them who may have happened to be desirous of getting their hands in for proposing to somebody else—a veteran we say of this description who has gone into dock, and had her hull and rigging re-fitted with a view to a final cruize in search of a prize, might present a shadow of herself in an advertisement something on this wise

**OLD-ESTABLISHED CONCERN.** To be let, with immediate possession, the premises known as the Gorgon, expensively fitted up, and which have been recently painted, and undergone a thorough decorative repair. Parties applying for the above must be able to command £1,000.

A retired general officer, who, like others of his cloth, must be supposed to be a person of a bold temperament, would probably be the only kind of person sufficiently strong-minded to pursue the advantages placed within

the public reach by the foregoing. If he should answer it in the same style, some of the similar terms used with reference to houses to let might be conveniently adopted in enumerating the items of his personal inventory. For example, "Commanding front" (this would depict his martial bearing), and he might hold out as a bait that the "decorative items" (his medals and stars if any), "together with the fixtures" (false teeth, etc.), and "other miscellaneous effects" (wooden leg, wig, etc.), "to be included in the valuation" (would become his wife's perquisites).

In conclusion, the proprietor of Millhall begs us to insert the following original advertisement

**W**ANTED, a housekeeper and companion to a single gentleman. This is a genuine opening for any enterprising young party of the female sex. Persons of a "serious" turn, strong-minded females, snorers, snuff-takers, and those of a very skinny habit, objected to. A compensating premium required with green spectacles. The advertiser is open to any reasonable offer, and will be prepared to negotiate with any eligible party meaning business. Tenders to be made, stating real name and address, to the Editor of "Gossip from Millhall," at the publishing office. No Irish need apply.

THE END.

LONDON :  
J. CHISMAN, PRINTER, 42, ALBANY STREET,  
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.

LRBJa'17











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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